Nannette Goes to Visit Her Grandmother

Josephine Scribner Gates

O. P. sent to R. R. L. 10/1/36

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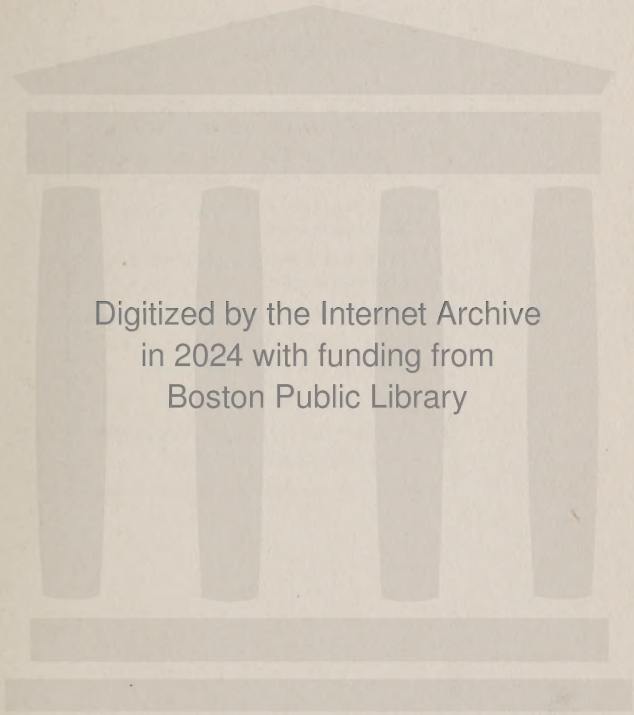
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By Josephine Scribner Gates

NANNETTE GOES TO VISIT HER GRANDMOTHER. Illustrated in color.

THE LAND OF DELIGHT: CHILD LIFE ON A PONY FARM. Illustrated.

NANNETTE AND THE BABY MONKEY. Illustrated in color.

LITTLE GIRL BLUE PLAYS "I SPY." Illustrated in color.

THE TURKEY DOLL. Illustrated in color.

TOMMY SWEET-TOOTH AND LITTLE GIRL BLUE. Illustrated in color.

LITTLE GIRL BLUE. Illustrated in color.

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SHE HEARD A SOUND AS OF ANIMALS IN DISTRESS

NANNETTE GOES TO VISIT HER GRANDMOTHER

BY

JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES

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Foreword

I want the children who love Nannette and her pets to know that the stories of Periwinkle and the birdies are true.

My own Live Dolls and I watched the dear little chicken limp about and saw Fluffy and Duffy fly away.

I am sure you will love them more when you know it really truly happened.

Yours faithfully,

Josephine Scribner Gates.

NANNETTE GOES TO VISIT HER GRANDMOTHER

NANNETTE GOES TO VISIT HER GRANDMOTHER

WHAT do you suppose Nannette did next?

She went to visit her Grandmother, and *such* an exciting time as she had on the way!

I won't tell you yet what it was, but it had something to do with Jocko, the King's pet she found once upon a time. It 's the dearest little secret you ever heard! Just listen!

Bright and early one beautiful day

Grandfather appeared with a queer cart.

He said that Nannette was to come for a visit and he was to take her trunk. She could ride with him or she could come later and walk.

Nannette decided to walk, for she loved the woods. She went to work to pack her lunch-basket with gingerbread and sandwiches.

She carried her wee umbrella, and tied to a blue ribbon, which hung around her neck, was a small telescope. In it were packed the treasures that were dearest to her heart: a wee dolly, — her favorite one, — her tiny lunch-basket, a silver cup,

GRANDFATHER APPEARED WITH A QUEER CART

and a bucket carved from a cherry-stone.

As she expected to stay some time with her Grandmother, she took her dollies' baby buggy, and in this she placed all of her wee dollies, with other toys, and away she went, tripping along as blissfully happy as the chattering squirrels, while the birds gayly circled about amid the branches of the trees.

She had gone some distance when she heard a sound as of animals in distress. She turned aside from the path, and down in a leafy bower found some cunning rabbits, squirrels, and chipmunks standing about a spring

trying in vain to reach the water, which was very low.

They looked wistfully at her, and she could hardly believe her ears when she heard them cry in chorus, "Please, Nannette, won't you get us a drink?"

"Why, certainly," replied Nannette, opening the telescope at once.

Holding fast to the ribbon tied to the tiny bucket she dipped the water, pouring it into the cup, which she held to each mouth till all were satisfied; then she bade them good-bye and went her way.

Soon she reached a dear little nook on a mossy bank, where she

decided to eat her lunch. She opened the telescope and placed the wee dolly, with all the other dollies, against a rock; then, with the food from both baskets, they had a fine tea-party.

"Now, Dollies," she said, "I shall put these crumbs of gingerbread into the wee basket and save them for the birdies in Grandmother's trees. Then I shall take this other basket and go down the bank and fill it with berries. I like to take something to Grandmother, and she will love the berries. You stay here and watch the things till I come back."

So the dollies stayed and kept their wide-open eyes fixed on the

bucket, the wee basket, the cup, and the tea-set.

Now, what do you think happened next? Such an exciting thing! And this is the dear little secret. In this woods lived Jocko, his wife, and a cunning baby monkey! This very day that baby monkey strayed away from home, and, before she knew it, she was lost. Her little heart was filled with terror at everything she saw. She fairly flew past the animals Nannette had befriended (they really never saw her, so tiny was she), and darted straight up the bank where sat the row of dollies guarding the treasures. Her little heart almost

stopped beating when she saw them, and she quickly hid behind a toadstool. She waited and watched, but the dollies never blinked.

Soon she sniffed something. What was that delicious odor? It must be something good in the basket, and she crept softly out, slowly, nearer and nearer. As she reached the basket, she peered in, and there, oh, there! she spied all those gingerbread crumbs. As she was hungry, and very fond of gingerbread, over went the basket, and in it, head first, went baby monkey.

My! but she had a picnic, too, and the poor dollies could only keep on

staring and smiling, since they were n't alive to put a stop to the birds' crumbs being gobbled up.

And now, what else do you think happened? That baby monkey ate so much she got so fat she could n't budge to get out. She tried very hard and wriggled about, but could only move the basket along, till suddenly it began to roll down the bank.

Nannette was coming up the bank as the wee basket rolled down; she put out her little hand and caught it, never noticing the monkey inside.

"My!" she cried aloud, — "must be a storm coming else that basket

could never blow down the hill like that."

She looked up at the sky, and sure enough, there was a black cloud, and she hurried to put away her treasures.

"Come," she said to her dollies, "we must hurry and get to Grandmother's before it rains. Where is the lid to the lunch-basket? I must keep these gingerbread crumbs for the birdies. Oh, here it is," she said, as she spied the tiny cover and quickly placed it on the basket without even peeping in.

She then placed the basket, with the cup, the bucket, and her favorite dolly in the telescope, which still

dangled from the blue ribbon about her neck. The other dollies she again placed in the buggy, and away she went.

The poor little baby monkey didn't know what had happened when she found herself shut up so tight in the dark, but as she gently swung to and fro, she soon became drowsy, and before long was fast asleep.

As Nannette hurried along she held her umbrella over her dolls, for occasionally she felt a sprinkle.

She was so busy watching them she forgot to see which way she was going, and the first thing she knew, poor little Nannette was lost! For a mo-

ment, she was frightened, and as she looked this way and that, she suddenly saw a strange procession coming toward her — a procession of animals which, to her joy, she found were the creatures she had met in the morning, with the addition of her old friend Jocko.

She ran to meet them, crying, "Oh! you dear Jocko! I am so glad to see you."

Then she turned to the other animals and begged them to help her find her Grandmother's house.

"I am lost," she wailed, "and I don't know what I shall do! Won't you help me get found?"

"Certainly, we will," they politely replied; "and, while we are hunting for your Grandmother's house, perhaps you will be willing to help this monkey to find his baby. The tiny thing ran away early this morning, and we can't find her anywhere."

Nannette turned to Jocko, crying, "You? Have you a dear little baby, and is it lost just like you were?"

"Yes," laughed Jocko, "it's lost, but not as I was, because I did n't want to be found and I am sure this baby does."

"Indeed, I will help, and I am sure we will find the darling."

While the animals went in one di-

rection, Nannette and Jocko hunted high and low, but of course no baby monkey was to be found. No wonder, when we are the only ones who know where it is hiding, and we are n't going to tell yet.

After a while the animals returned to say they could not find the little brown house.

Nannette's eyes began to fill, when Jocko cried: "Wait, I know how to find it, and if I do you must help me find my baby."

Nannette agreed to this, and Jocko climbed up a tall, tall tree. When he reached the tiptop he turned slowly around looking this way and that. As

Nannette watched, suddenly she saw him clap his two hands.

"Is it a tiny brown house under a big tree on a hill?"

"Oh, yes, do you see it?" cried Nannette.

"And has it a bell on the top?" asked the monkey.

"Yes!" cried Nannette.

"And are there lots of fluffy little yellow chickens running around in the yard?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" cried Nannette, eagerly. "Please come down quickly and take me to it!"

Down came the monkey, and they all walked along like a procession.

JOCKO CLIMBED A TALL, TALL TREE

Presently they stood where they could see the little brown house.

It was beginning to rain a little harder, and Nannette held the umbrella over the dollies, while the tiny animals crowded up closer, not because they minded the rain, but because it seemed such fun to get under that funny black tent.

"You won't go yet, will you?" said Jocko, anxiously. "You know you promised to help me find my baby."

"I 'll keep my promise," said Nannette. "But how can we ever find her if she is so tiny?"

"Oh," said Jocko, "we shall just

have to look under every toadstool. She loves to crawl under one and go to sleep. Or, she may be inside of some wild honeysuckle blossom; or, perhaps, in a lily bell. I don't know where to look, but we must find her, for she will be so frightened."

Just then some birdies flew down from the trees chirping for crumbs.

"Well," said Nannette, cheerily, "I must feed these birdies before I go with you; it won't take me but a moment. I always save them some crumbs and they expect them."

As she talked she opened the telescope, took out the tiny basket, took off the lid, and was about to shake

out the crumbs, when she saw something strange within. She turned the basket upside down and shook it hard. She even thumped it, but nothing came out, and the birds kept chirping, chirping.

"That 's queer," said Nannette. "I wonder what that little black thing is in there."

The animals all crowded about her to peep, and Jocko joyfully cried, "I see my baby's tiny feet. It must be my baby in there and I believe she is fast asleep."

Then he crooned an odd little song, and the feet began to wiggle, for the baby had wakened and was

overjoyed at the sound of her father's voice.

"Come out, come out!" called Jocko.

"I can't," replied the baby.

"Why not?" asked Jocko.

"I 'm ashamed to tell," wailed the baby.

"But you must," ordered the father.

For a moment there was silence, then in smothered tones came the reply, so faint they had to listen hard to hear her.

"I ate so many crumbs, I got so fat I can't *get* out."

At this funny speech the animals all began to laugh hard.

Then Jocko took hold of the two feet, while Nannette pulled hard on the basket, and out popped the tiny baby, blinking her eyes, and looking very much ashamed as she hid her face in her father's neck.

And now since baby monkey was found, and Nannette was found, and Grandmother's house was found, they decided that it was time to part.

The animals hastened back to the woods, while Nannette with her dollies went flying away to tell Grandmother all about it.

Grandmother dearly loved to have Nannette visit her, and always kept

the pretty blue bedroom ready for her and her dollies.

There Nannette found a little white bed, and a wee one for her dolls, and soon the trunk was unpacked and her clothes placed in her dresser; the dolls' clothes were placed in the tiny dresser just the right size to hold dolls' clothes.

Nannette then put on her blue jumper suit and ran out to see all of the live things of which she was so fond.

She tripped gayly along, sniffing the sweet odors of the clover blossoms, listening to all the various sounds which told her she was truly in the dear, sweet, lovely country.

Here she could roll on the grass, play with the bushels of kittens which came tumbling all about her feet; and in short, do everything children love.

The little white lamb ran to meet her, with its plaintive "Ba-a," as if to say, "Are you going to give me my milk now?" The chickens ran after her clucking, clucking, for food. One lone duck pushed its way through the brood in order to be on hand for any treat awaiting this eager throng.

Nannette laughed heartily as she found herself so surrounded, and ran quickly in another direction.

As she ran, suddenly she stopped

short, for there at her feet, what do you think she saw?

A yellow fluffy heap of feathers. She took it up in her hands, and found it was a poor little baby chick with a broken leg. Carrying it very tenderly, Nannette ran with it to Grandmother.

She found her in the kitchen baking big fat ginger cookies, but she stopped when she saw the poor little chicken.

"Well, well, guess there 'll have to be a little work done here," she said; and she skillfully bandaged the tiny leg and wrapped the chicken in cotton, then placed it in a small basket.

"Poor little baby strayed away from

its mother and got hurt. Its mother would n't brood it now, so I think you must pretend you are its mother. You can feed it some corn meal and give it a drink. Keep it warm, and at night let it sleep in the basket in your room."

Nannette was delighted at this news, for she dearly loved a pet. "Let's name it 'Periwinkle,'" she said. "Come, let's put it in the sunshine while we feed it."

The poor little thing was hungry and ate greedily. All day long she tended it till sleepy-time arrived, then the chicken began to fuss and peep in a pitiful way.

"It wants its mamma, I know," said Nannette.

She thought a moment, then suddenly ran to a closet, and came back carrying a small feather duster.

"Here!" she cried, "here's a make-believe mother for you."

She held the feathers gently above the chicken, and it snuggled down contentedly as though it had a really truly mother brooding over it.

Nannette carried the basket upstairs, placed it in a corner of her room and hung the feather duster just above it.

"Now you are in clover," she cried, "you have a mother to keep you

PERIWINKLE SNUGGLED DOWN CONTENTEDLY

warm, and another one to feed you. You certainly ought to grow fast, but I don't want you to. I want you to stay a little fluffy bird just like you are, so cuddly and so soft to love."

Periwinkle blinked his eyes and went to sleep without a word.

So well satisfied was it with its new mothers, the little leg quickly healed and the splint was taken off; it was just as good as new except that it was a tiny bit lame.

You have heard about Mary and her little lamb, I am sure. Well, this was just like that, only now it was Nannette and a baby chicken. It raced around after her wherever she

went. Sometimes it ran under the porch, but when she called "Periwinkle, Periwinkle," it came as fast as its little legs could carry it, crying, "Peep! peep! peep!" all the way. It looked for all the world like a yellow feathery ball rolling across the grass.

An odd sight it was when wrapped in cotton for the night. At first all you could see was the ball of fluffy down. Presently the down moved and then out popped a yellow head with bright beady eyes peering all about.

It was so cunning in the morning. The first thing Nannette heard, very early, was a shrill "Peep! peep!"

and there was Periwinkle by the bed looking up so wistfully, seeming to say with its "Peep! peep!" "I want to come up by you."

So Nannette put her little fat hand on the floor, and on to it hopped the yellow ball, then down into a little warm neck it crept, nestling about till finally it poked its head under a round fat arm, out of sight, and in a moment baby chicken and Nannette were fast asleep. By and by, when the big bell rang to awaken them, they sprang out of bed to get ready for breakfast.

When the bell rang again, Periwinkle was the first to hop down

the stairway. When he reached the door, there he stood, "peeping" and "peeping" till the door was opened.

The days were hardly long enough for these playmates with so many things to do and so many places to go.

Periwinkle scorned to run with the other chickens, nor would he go near the mother hen.

As time passed on, the chicken became quite a trickster, it could jump over a stick, roost on a little round fat arm held out straight, and beg for food as well as any little dog you ever saw. Dearly did it love to snuggle down in somebody's pocket

on a cool day, occasionally poking up its yellow head to see what was taking place in the outside world.

One morning Nannette took a plate of milk toast out to feed to Periwinkle.

She placed the plate on the grass, and the chicken promptly hopped on to the toast, and there it stood pecking away at the bits of crust floating about in the milk.

"See!" cried Nannette; "it thinks it's on a raft sailing away across the sea of milk."

Then as a bright thought entered her head, she ran in to the breakfast table and placed the plate with its

boat of live stock before Grandfather.

Every one laughed heartily at the yellow bunch planted firmly on the square of toast, blinking its beady eyes up at them.

"Well, well," said Grandfather, "that's a new dish. One I never saw served before. Live spring chicken on toast. Looks pretty good; guess I'll get to work at it."

He raised his knife and fork as though he were really and truly going to cut Periwinkle in two, while Periwinkle chirped frantically, and Nannette flew to the rescue.

"I knew you would n't do it,

LIVE SPRING CHICKEN ON TOAST!

Grandpa," she said, "but I did n't even like to see you pretend."

Periwinkle looked about as though he wondered why they were so merry, then with his "Peep! peep! peep!" he continued to peck at his favorite dish.

Many happy hours they passed together, till one day without even a "peep" for good-bye Periwinkle disappeared.

Nannette and Grandmother hunted and called in vain. Everywhere they looked, crying, "Periwinkle, Periwinkle," but no little chicken responded. Day after day passed and he did not appear.

One morning Grandpa came in saying, "Where 's a Live Dollie who wants to go with me to the sugar woods?"

"Here I am, and I 'd love to go!" cried Nannette.

She dearly loved the sugar woods. It was such fun to find the holes in the trees where the sap came out and dropped into the buckets. The sugar house, too, was most interesting. Here were all of the pails, the big iron kettle, and pans. How she wished she could see the sap boiling and bubbling, then turned into the pans to harden.

She skipped along after Grand-

father, singing, shouting, and dancing about, while the birds caroled joyously above her head.

"Hark!" exclaimed Grandpa, suddenly, "what do I hear?"

They paused and listened.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" came to their ears from far away.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" again it sounded, nearer now.

"Sounds like a rooster lost away out here. Let's see if we can find it."

They hunted and hunted, pausing often to listen, and suddenly they heard the odd little crow very near, just behind a bush.

"Here it is, Grandpa," cried Nannette, very much excited, for she had an idea about this rooster the moment she heard it.

Sure enough there was a half-grown rooster standing all alone, gazing up at them as though saying, "Why, how do you do?"

Nannette looked closely at him, and then cried, gently: —

"Periwinkle! Periwinkle!"

And did n't that rooster run toward her as fast as its legs could carry it, flapping its wings, and crowing a joyous welcome!

"'T is Periwinkle, 'cause he 's a little bit lame, but he is n't cunning

any more," said Nannette, much disappointed.

"Of course not," replied Grandpa. "He had to grow just like everything and everybody. How do you suppose *you* looked the first time I saw you? As red as a lobster, crying bloody murder, holding your tiny fists so hard against your breast. Now you are just a good-sized broiler, like the rooster!"

Nannette laughed heartily at this speech, and they hurried back to the farm.

Periwinkle followed till they reached the barnyard. There it left them and joined its various brothers and sisters.

"Let it go," said Grandpa; "that's where it belongs."

They said good-bye to Periwinkle. Then Nannette put away the little basket of cotton, to wait for another little yellow chicken to come and "peep" its way into her heart.

While she waited something else "peeped" its way into her heart, and what do you s'pose it was?

One day Nannette was standing near her bedroom window watching a piece of string moving along. She leaned out to see why it moved, and if there was n't a birdie pulling it across the roof of the porch!

Nannette wondered what the bird

was going to do with the string, and as she watched she found it was a mamma bird, and she and the papa bird were building a nest in the corner of the eaves-trough. Such an odd place for a nest, but such a fine one, for Nannette could look right down into it. She called Grandmother, and together they watched with the greatest interest the building of this tiny home.

"See!" said Nannette, suddenly, "they are building it one-sided. I wonder why they make that side so high!"

The wise little parents did n't stop to tell them, but worked cheerily

on, all unmindful of the eager, watchful eyes at the window.

The twigs and bits of cloth and string were skillfully woven together, making in the end a wonderful little home.

This window now became the most interesting place on the farm, and often did Nannette and her dolls come here to see what was taking place.

"See!" she cried one day, "there are two weenty eggs!"

Sure enough there they were, and the mother hovered over them till one morning there were two baby birds clamoring for food.

"Oh!" cried Nannette, excitedly to the dolls, "let 's name them 'Fluffy' and 'Duffy,' and play it 's a theater, with us for the audience.

"How lovely that we can see down into the nest. I never did before. Usually they are high up in a tree, and you can't see anything 'cept maybe a tail."

As they watched, along came the parents, each carrying a big fat grasshopper. They poked them down into the wide-open mouths, flew away, and were soon back again with butterflies.

They had to fairly push them into the throats of the hungry babies, then

away they darted for more. Worms, bugs, and all sorts of things came back in their bills many times a day.

At night Nannette could hear the drowsy "Cheep! cheep!" of the babies, and each morning she hurried to the window to watch them eat their breakfast.

As the days flew by the birdies grew and grew, and one morning such a commotion was in the nest! Fluffy was out on the roof hopping about, Duffy was trying to follow, and mamma bird, much distressed, watched them both carefully.

Never did she leave them during that period of restlessness. The father

brought food for them all, and between-times helped to watch that the babies did not fall off the roof.

One day about this time there arose a terrible storm. It grew very dark; the thunder growled, and the lightning sent such flashy streaks about, Nannette became much alarmed, and stationed herself at the window to see what would happen now. Would the birdies all be drowned?

She found the brave little mother with her wings spread out in such a manner the baby birds could n't be seen at all.

Then came Mr. Wind blowing so hard it seemed as though her pets

would surely be blown out of the nest. The mother's tail blew right up straight in the air.

"See!" said Nannette, "the nest looks just like Peter Pan's boat, only the sail is a bird's tail instead of a baby's shirt, and, oh! look at her, she's turning around so the wind can't blow her tail up. Now she's all right. It's blowing in her face!"

Wise little mother to turn around and settle down just in time to meet the torrent of rain that now began to fall.

"Poor little birds," sobbed Nannette, calling Grandmother, "can't we bring them in?"

Grandmother looked and smiled.

"Why, dearie," she said, "they are all right."

"Yes, but see! the trough is full and they will all be drownded!"

"Watch, dear, and see. Not a drop goes into the nest. The side toward the water is built so high the water can't possibly get in. They knew why they made their house one-sided, and if you will look closely you will notice that the mother's feathers are n't even wet, because she is provided with oil ducts. She oils her feathers, thus making them waterproof."

"See, Grandmother, the sun is

coming out," cried Nannette, presently.

"Yes, and there is a beautiful rainbow. Now the birds will have a feast."

They watched the mother bird join the father in the hunt for dainty morsels in the shape of worms and all sorts of live things coming out to get a drink.

When the birds had gobbled up all the food the parents would give them, they suddenly stood up in the nest and hopped out on to the roof.

"Now," said Grandmother, "we are at one of the last bird matinees of the season. Get front seats for this

free performance. Let the dolls stand on the window-sill. Something is going to happen."

"Yes," cried Nannette, "what fun! It's the dress rehearsal."

And so it was. The baby birds first hopped about, then flapped their wings, and flew back and forth across the roof. The mother and father birds watched anxiously for a while, but finally, really and truly, Nannette thought they smiled, so happy did they seem to find their babies could at last take care of themselves. Occasionally they chirped sharply if the babies ventured too near the edge of the roof.

"Will they fly away to-day, Grandmother?" asked Nannette, wistfully.

"I think not, dear. They are practicing to-day, but to-morrow be prepared to say good-bye to them, for I think they will suddenly decide to leave us."

Sure enough, the next morning Nannette with her dollies hopped out of bed and reached the window just in time to behold the bird family having an exciting confab. They twittered and chirped, and suddenly, with a decided nod of the four feathery heads toward the faces at the window, they spread their wings, and away they soared, leaving behind a

A JAPANESE MOTHER AND HER BABIES ON THE WAY TO BED

joyous burst of music and an empty nest.

Nannette watched them fly up, up, away out of sight; then turned to find Grandmother with outstretched arms and beaming face.

"What do you suppose is downstairs for you?" she cried as she hurried down.

Nannette ran after her, to find two boxes waiting to be opened.

One lid came off, and there was a Japanese mother and her family, looking for all the world as though they were on the way to bed, as the wee mother carried a candle, while the beady-eyed babies trailed after

her, all dressed in gay-colored kimonos.

As Nannette shouted over this, the lid of the other box popped off itself, and there was a tiny kitten seated in a Japanese buggy with a wee kewpie to keep her from being lonely.

"Are they all for me to keep," she asked,—"the kitten, too?"

"For your very own, and Mother has sent for you. She has the best secret of all, and so your visit here is ended."

Nannette packed up her treasures in a hurry, and this time rode with Grandfather. She just could n't wait to walk.

Indeed, she could hardly wait for the pony to stop, and ran into the house, and upstairs, to find that of all the pets she ever had this was the dearest.

What do you think it was? A darling baby sister who had come to stay for always!

THE END

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